

THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE



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THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

*A Journal for PAST &
PRESENT STUDENTS and
FRIENDS of THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF MUSIC, and Official Organ
of THE R.C.M. UNION..*

'The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life.'

Editorial

"To whatever country one may trace its original source, whatever the causes of its appearance may be—it really doesn't matter—it must be admitted that an evil genius has been at work slowly and gradually befouling the aesthetic and moral principles of art for many years past, with unchecked success. Of late a point was reached when 'e'en the boldest held his nose.' What the climax might have been we are now, I hope, saved from considering."—SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE at the Royal College of Organists, January 23rd.

It is probable that when the tonic of war has restored us to artistic health (as we can hardly doubt it will) music will drop many of the affectations which have disfigured it of late.

There are signs of change already.

We are becoming less tolerant of music which does not "ring true." Brought face to face with the grim realities of a life and death struggle, we simply cannot bear to feel that the art which has become more than ever a balm and solace to our disturbed minds should be forced or insincere. We find ourselves in sympathy with all wholesome outspoken music, which says directly what it has to say without fuss, and in the plainest and most honest language. We are beginning to realize with some intensity the sharpness of the line which divides such simple and natural expression from the posturings of the followers of the so-called "futurist" school.

Mock-Oriental languor; vague mutterings, designed merely to give us sensuous or dreamy pleasure—these things are out of tune with our present mood. At best, it seems, they have been nothing more than a clever disguise with us. Now is the time to throw open the windows. We must live and breathe!

A few weeks ago *The Times*, in an exceedingly astute notice of a certain exhibition of pictures of the decadent type, reminded the artists responsible for these clever distortions that the common-place could not be avoided by reducing representation to a minimum. A platitude remains a platitude, argued the writer, even if you recite the words in their wrong order.



SEÑOR ARBOS

Such criticism applies with equal force in our own art. Much recent music, like recent painting, has been merely modish—some of it “modish in the fashion of the year before last;” in a word, not modish at all. In music, however, the chief tendency has been to elaborate rather than to transpose the commonplace in order to disguise its natural quality. The fashion has decreed that melodies should leap ninths and sevenths where, in the natural course, they would move in seconds; instead of the dullness of unison passages we have been made to endure the hideousness of rows of dissonant fourths in succession. In other words, “This is the house that Jack built” will never do. It is too frank and gives itself away. It must become:—

“This is the domiciliary edifice erected by John;
“This is the fermented grain deposited in the domiciliary
edifice erected by John,” and so on.

It is doubtful if the public is willing to be hoodwinked any more by these precious devices. Music must be brave and cheerful if it is to serve its country just now, and that which is brave and cheerful is never ashamed, and has no need to clothe itself in elaborate fancy dress.

If the motto in the commercial world is to be “Business as usual,” let us adopt for ourselves “Music better than usual.” It has been truly said that War and Art are not always enemies, and that Peace is not always Art’s best friend. In the words of Professor Selwyn Image: “Art has her dangers—dangers coming to her from men’s frivolity, their absorption in sumptuousness and luxury, their over-attention to trivialities and mere curiosities, their morbid excitement after titillating novelties, their resultant shallowness of judgment. . . . Dangers from these things, and the like of them, assail Art, and are fatal to her fineness. Dangers such as these history and experience only too surely tell us are not seldom the fruits of some long spell of easy Peace.”

And so, whilst it would be sheer wickedness to invoke war that Art may flourish, may we not be stoical enough to realise that the effect of this great upheaval upon our own art can by no chance be wholly bad? It is a bitter discipline indeed, but we may perhaps allow ourselves to look forward with little doubt and little anxiety to the restoration of some lost ideals, and a lively renewal of artistic health.

Director's Address

JANUARY 7, 1915

*"Her prudence quenched,
Her wisdom stifled, and her justice scared,
Her frenzy only active to extol
Past outrages, and shape the way for new."*

—WORDSWORTH

Though we are still engrossed by the horrors and excitements of the dominating topic of the day, as we were at the beginning of last term, I believe that our own home tragedy must stand out very strongly at this moment in the minds of most of you who have been at the College for any length of time. One of the most familiar faces will welcome us no more, and we are conscious of a gap in the accustomed surroundings. The sudden death of that unique personality, Sydney Fern, who presided with something akin to genius in the Central Office, is a very serious blow to the College, and a great personal loss to many of us. Few human beings have been so completely identified with the College, for he had come to it in boyhood, and had moved up step by step by sheer sterling worth and character to a very high and responsible position among those who tend the machinery of the College. This long period of service had made the College the absolute centre of his life. He was moulded under its influence, and lived solely for it. He knew all the technicalities of his duties, which were extremely complicated, to the smallest detail, and he seemed to know all about present and past pupils, and was the best of friends with them and the Professors. It would have been strange if they had not been drawn to him, for, in spite of bad health, he always radiated cheerfulness. Whenever I went into the office, even up to a few days before his death, he always had a charming smile to greet me ; and, I believe, it was the same with you ! You probably know that he was taken seriously ill a few days before the end of last term ; and though everything that was possible was done by the devotion of Mr Polkinhorne and other friends, he succumbed to double pneumonia in the night of December 20, and was buried on Christmas Eve.

We may, perhaps, take a kind of comfort to ourselves that we do so fully feel the loss of him. We are relieved that we have not been made callous by our excitements, and that the daily record of precious

lives thrown away in the senseless riot of carnage has not yet deprived us of the power to feel the loss of those who have earned our affection and admiration in our home affairs. The changed value that comes to be put on life when people are actually engaged in war does not apply to our civil life as yet ; though we do not know how we should feel if we had had experiences such as have fallen to the lot of the poor Belgians. Perhaps if we had had to endure such home tragedies our capacities for sympathy with suffering and death might have become exhausted. One can hardly imagine tender-hearted people seeing human beings maimed and tortured and dying of starvation every day without being driven to adopt another standard of gauging individual disaster from that of ordinary peace times. I suppose, in such conditions, the feeling for the individual becomes diffused ; the personal sympathy gives place to the sympathy for the many. Community in suffering and loss changes the character even of mourning. There are some people so hedged about with self-concentration that they are selfish even in their distresses. They suffer helplessly, and have to be supported by other people who have just as much reason for suffering. If they could realize that other people have their sufferings and losses too they might not suffer less, but they would support their losses and sorrows with more considerate self-possession. They would not abandon themselves to paroxysms of unrestrained bewailings, but for the sake of their fellows in suffering put restraint upon the mere expression of it.

The feeling of what is due to others in like case ministers here as elsewhere to strength, and even to a strange cheerfulness in the face of loss and disaster. Men speak of the growth of the 'community feeling' being so great a gain. The community feeling is an expansion of the sense of comradeship, and is one of the few compensations which war seems to offer ; and seems to counterbalance those sterile class distinctions which make frank companionship impossible. In war time the individual is merged in the mass of humanity which is engaged in dangerous occupations. The sense of mutual dependence must be enormously increased, and the instinct of fellowship is called into vivid activity. Fellowship in danger is exhilarating. Men face death in a spirit they never thought of before ; and if a man is mortally wounded his distress at the ending of his own life is generally discounted by the feeling that there are numbers of others left to deal with the enemy. Man, for once in a way, recognizes

himself as part of something bigger. The sense of comradeship shows itself in its noblest aspects, as the great force it ought to be in all the affairs of life. The sense of comradeship helps in sorrow, and in effort, in danger and in dying. It is the sense of it which enables men to face the torrent of death-dealing lead and the shards of the shrapnels. It is the sense of it which enables men to think lightly of the bitter cold of cruel wintry seas, when their ship may be struck at any moment by a torpedo or a mine.

The comradeship feeling naturally gives rise to the aspiration to do something that man's fellows in danger would endorse as fine and heroic. The world progresses by the latent desire of all men to help one another, and the consequent desire to have any good service appreciated by others, as an endorsement of the service being real. We hear frequent stories of men who risk their lives, and sometimes lose them, to help other wounded men, even enemies, whom, it often happens, they know nothing about. There may be nothing to show that the wounded man, lying helpless out in the open, exposed to the hail of bullets, is not one of the greatest miscreants unhung, and would not be better dead and done with. But there is no question about that. The heroic moment offers, the impulse comes, and off starts the possibly quite ordinary man to help a fellow man in trouble, at the risk of his own life. To him, in any case, the moment is glorious, for it satisfies the highest aspiration of which man is capable.

The most hopeful natural instinct of man is to be of service, and to act in concert with others. It is only when some mischievous instinct perverts him that he wants to destroy instead of helping. The instincts which impel to destruction are the ones which the world tries to get under control, because sane people are aware that indulgence in destruction profits no one. It not only profits no one, but it leaves poisonous germs behind it. The germs of hate go on slowly developing, as they did after the Franco-German war in 1870 and 1871; and there can be little doubt that the present madness of fruitless destruction is to a great extent the outcome of long pent-up hostilities generated by that war of forty-four years ago. Both nations have been constantly bickering and girding at one another, and the final explosion was almost inevitable.

A vast number of causes minister to any great event. People mis-

take who lay too much stress on one to the exclusion of the others. We admit a vast number of different things as having combined to produce the awful madness of this war, and among them the memory of the previous war, and the galling terms which were made the conditions of peace—which show the utter futility of war as a cure for anything. But another cause was also the outcome of that war and the precursor of this one, which is the madness of self-complacency which took possession of the Prussians and impelled them to the inconceivable stupidity of thinking they could conquer and Germanize the whole world. It is the most colossal object-lesson the world has ever had of the stupefying effect of an absolutely false attitude of mind. For one stupidity led to another. The Prussians persuaded themselves that we should sit quiet and look on while they harried poor Belgium; while they committed hundreds of thousands of gratuitous murders on civilians; while they destroyed things of beauty and romance which were unreplaceable. They persuaded themselves that we had egged on the Belgians to attack them, and that it was justifiable retaliation to drag millions of money out of the dwellers in the ruins they had made. They were stupid enough to think they could get serviceable help by associating themselves with the unspeakable Turk. They were stupefied by false reports, most of which they engineered themselves, into thinking that as soon as war was declared all our Colonies, as well as India, would cut adrift from us and offer themselves as convenient victims for Germany's ambitions. They were stupid enough to maintain that after their professors, authors, and philosophers had been writing books for years describing their malignant purposes against us, and reeking with hate from every pore, they were but meek and innocent lambs, against whom perfidious Albion had organized a pogrom. We might go on for hours recounting the gross instances of blind stupidity that have so amazed us. We have been accustomed to regard the Germans as great thinkers—and so they have been. They have been great at metaphysics and such kinds of abstractions. But metaphysics do not bring men into touch with actualities; not even with the notorious camel which the great German philosopher is reported to have said it was unnecessary for him to see as he could develop it out of his own inner consciousness. Metaphysics tend rather to draw the mind away from the practical, and to dull the capacities to deal with actual emergencies; and

they seem to make certain types of men fit subjects to be cajoled into believing impossibilities, such as the obvious impossibility of dominating the world by force, and even to induce them to extenuate force which is used without a shadow of pretence of morality, honesty, frankness, or fairness.

It is always the case that an evil theory or an evil habit, such as indulgence in things which are of evil odour in matters of morality, breeds consequences all around, like a poisonous fringe. Corruption never confines itself to its own area. It contaminates all things in its neighbourhood. The German theory that human beings can be ruled better by blows than by good-will, that a country—which they forget is a people—can be conquered in the old mediæval fashion, is in itself so poisonously blind and stupid that it is sure to infect all things in its neighbourhood. The ideal of right ruling is ruling for the well-being of the ruled. But how is it to be supposed that a conquered people could be ruled for their benefit, or even for the ultimate benefit of the conquerors? If they were worth ruling they would never submit. If they tamely submitted they would not be worth ruling. In either case there would be no chance of the vigorous vitality in making the world fit to live in, which is essential to the well-being of any people. The German theory in this respect is justifiably called infernal, because it is directly contrary to the spiritual health and progress of the world. What the world needs is helpfulness, the general good-will that works to great ends in comradeship—room for free play of individual energies of countless varieties; for free energies, which spring spontaneously and healthily in men's natures.

The world needs to realize that things have to be done by the concurrence of an infinite variety of minds; that nothing is achieved by ill-will but more ill-will, but that all things are possible to good-will. The Germans have fastened on the idea that good-will is only needed for themselves. They are, on a grand scale, like the walled-in selfish man who thinks his own worldly interests are the only things that concern him. The selfish monomaniac achieves nothing that is of any real service to any one, least of all to himself. If he is strong he can do a lot of harm; and so can the Germans. He can be a danger to his neighbourhood; and so can the Germans. Prussia might ultimately effect the entire destruction of our civilization; it might destroy in a few years all that has been done to better human conditions in many centuries. If Prussia succeeded in

permanently weakening the nations which uphold order and spiritual health, they would provide more opportunities for the disorderly and ill-regulated nations. Europe might even be so debilitated that that ominous expression, 'the yellow peril' might come to have some real meaning.

And it all comes out of the acceptance by the nation of a false theory of life. It comes mainly from the party known as the Prussian Junkers, who, one would surmise, must be a great fount and source of stupidity, since they still batten upon the worn-out theory of class privilege ; which tries still to induce men to believe that the world was made for the few, and that when the few think it for their advantage the many are to be driven to kill one another in hundreds of thousands and to suffer every kind of torment without anyone except the few gaining any advantage. The many are taking an astonishingly long time to realize that privileged people always think of their own advantages, be they ever so trivial, before they concern themselves about the well-being of the people who grant them privileges. No one ever thinks any better of people who grant him privileges. He generally thinks them fools, and treats them as such. There must have been a quite remarkable proportion of docile fools in Germany in recent years, or it would have been impossible for their privileged Junkers to perpetrate such a colossal crime, after flaunting their intentions for years. The poor docile fools have to pay by being driven by their own countrymen like sheep to the shambles.

I suppose some of us may not see the end of this war. But we have that feeling of fellowship with those who will survive it that we project ourselves into the future as if we were going to be there, and hope ardently that humanity will join hands in good-will across the frontiers and say to the privileged few that they have made mischief enough ; and after the horrors of this prolonged orgy of hatred really make up their minds not to be used for the advantage or enrichment of the few any longer.

But the basis of such good-will must always lie in understanding. There is always hope even for quarrelsome people if they try hard to understand each other—if they try to get into the convolutions of an adversary's mind and see how he comes to think what he does. That, we perceive, the Germans did not try to do. They tried to do the very reverse. Like hopelessly quarrelsome people they always tried to put a false construction on everything everyone else did. They tried to be so

supremely clever that they could always see something that was not there, especially when any people did anything which was simply honest and straightforward. They developed such a situation that nobody could trust them, and therefore they could trust nobody. And distrust brought the usual resort to violence. Somebody will have to pay the penalty. We hope it will not be ourselves. Humanity, at any rate, will have to pay heavily, so let us hope that when it has paid it will get wisdom and understanding from the experience.

Do not think because I go on discussing the Germans I am only thinking of them. I think of the many parallels in all sorts of human conditions. I have my eye ultimately on ourselves. I believe we fully appreciate the value of helpfulness ; and we know the delight of doing things in companionship, and endorse the truth that the world progresses better by good-will than by any amount of remorseless driving. I do not have any apprehension that the College will be afflicted by stupefying aberrations ; but still, in times of violent excitement, even our most ancient friends sometimes astonish us. Violent excitement always paralyzes a certain amount of common-sense. But in any case, we have definite and pacific things on which we can concentrate our minds, out of the range of bellicose excitements ; and to such alleviations I should commend all who are disposed to feed solely on war news. If the Germans had been content to devote themselves to metaphysics and music the world might have been spared the painful and offensive exhibition they have made of themselves. I do not mean to recommend metaphysics to you as a safeguard against aberrations, but I might without hesitation recommend music. We might add the hope that the Germans may go back to their music too, and leave alone the business of dominating the world by any other means but peaceful art ; which, in truth, until this evil day of their own misconstriving, they had nearly accomplished.

C. HUBERT H. PARRY

Music in War-Time

*"Follow your Captains, crown your Kings,
But what will you give to the lad that sings?
City of song shall stand always!"*—HENRY NEWBOLT.

When I find myself sitting at a committee table with Sir Hubert Parry at the head and a number of tremendously important people supporting him and devoting all their intellectual acumen to the consideration of what the Committee for Music in War Time had better do next, it sometimes amazes me to realize that less than six months ago the Committee consisted only of four people, who met after lunch in rooms in The Temple and worked out a humble scheme for making music during the War. Certainly events have moved quickly. A good many of the ideas which we discussed then came to nothing ; they would not work out when we began to try them. Many ideas have been brought in since by those who have joined the Committee in the course of its activities, and they have helped to mould the original ideas into a practical course. All the details of working have been altered from week to week—indeed, with every meeting of the Committee. We made one or two rules, but we broke them light-heartedly as soon as we found them inconvenient. However, we laid down, and still stick to, one or two main principles. We refused to form ourselves into a society for the distribution of outdoor relief ; we did not even consider ourselves primarily as a committee for helping musicians in war time. Our first object was to help music to "do its bit,"—to make it useful to the community. We were anxious to support people who were doing that already (the provincial choral societies and orchestras, for example), and by giving concerts for soldiers in camps, in clubs for soldiers' wives and elsewhere, to use the new relationship of society occasioned by the war, to make music a more real experience to a large number of people. And, of course, the labourer is worthy of his hire. We wanted to make the musician useful, and to give him the rewards of his usefulness.

All these things we were able to do, though on rather a small scale, in the last months of 1914, when the Committee had its home under Mr Cobbett's kindly roof in Circus Road. During that time, Dr. Walford Davies organized his male voiced choir, which is now fast becoming famous for its spirited way of singing the folk-songs and national songs which Dr. Davies has arranged and published for it. Dr. Vaughan Williams

found out a large number of musicians needing work, tested their qualifications, made a register of them, and planned many concerts for them. We all badgered our personal friends for money to pay for these concerts, and were immensely surprised at the number who yielded to our entreaties. We did a good day's work when we co-opted Miss Paget and Miss Hullah on to the Committee, for these two ladies have a genius for discovering where music is wanted, and for improvising a concert party to supply the want.

But the Committee took a very important step on the last day of the old year, when, at a meeting held in the Council room of the R.C.M., it was definitely decided that it should link its fate for better, for worse, with the Professional Classes War Relief Council, which occupies princely quarters at 13, Princes Gate. We came to that momentous decision for several reasons, but chiefly because we felt that as part of a bigger society we could do bigger and better work than was possible in the single state. We were duly co-opted, the Committee was again enlarged by the addition of such sage heads as Sir John McClure, Sir Homewood Crawford, Major Leonard Darwin, and Dr. Samuel West; and Sir Hubert Parry, who from an early stage had given it all the benefit of his wisdom and support, took the helm and henceforth steered its course. There were some of our original number who feared that we should give up too much of our independence by becoming a part of the Professional Classes War Relief Council, but personally I felt confident of success from the moment when the new Committee as its first act elected Sir Hubert Parry as chairman. With the first resolution of the new Committee I breathed a "nunc dimittis." I do not mean that everything has been smooth going. There have been difficulties of adjustment; and as part of a "relief" council it has not been always quite easy to keep in the forefront the broad view from which we started—the view that music is the thing to be encouraged, and that the musician is incidental to the art. Nevertheless, that view has been maintained to a wonderful extent, thanks to the sure guidance of Sir Hubert.

We have had some losses. Mr Fox Strangways, who gave the Committee great help in its early days, has been absorbed into the mysterious processes of censorship carried on by the War Office; Dr. Vaughan Williams has joined the R.A.M.C.; Mr Barkworth, who worked

like a Trojan at the secretaryship during the difficult time of the amalgamation, has found other duties which require his energies. In his place the Committee has secured Mr Rothery, whose wide experience of musical affairs is in valuable, and the office organisation provided by Mrs Gotto, the honorary secretary to the Council, now works like greased lightning in the cause of "Music in War Time."

But let me leave these matters of internal policy and end with one or two personal experiences. I cannot pretend that my own attendance at the Committee's concerts has been very extensive. Other concerts, sometimes less interesting ones, too often claim me. It is no affectation to say that there is a kind of interest in the camp, club and hospital concerts which is not to be found at Queen's Hall. There is a vitality in the audience's participation which is altogether different from the passive listening of the ordinary concert audience. All the musicians who have taken part either as organizers or as actual performers say the same. These audiences let the performer know whether he hits or misses ; they applaud that which seems good to them ; they go to sleep or stroll out when the performance is not good. And their idea of a good thing is simply a thing which has a character of its own. I was at an excellent little Saturday afternoon concert which Miss Paget arranged at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and the officer in charge said to me : " You can give these men anything so long as it is thorough going ; the only thing they can't stand is the wishy-washy, half-and-half type of song." He was obviously right. The men roared with laughter over the efforts of a comic entertainer, and they rubbed the backs of their hands across their eyes when "Annie Laurie" was sung. In camp they are always ready to join in a chorus and equally ready to pay the compliment of silence when the music deserves silence. A little before Easter we had a delightful concert at a small hospital in Hampstead. Some of Dr. Davies's men sang, and the soldiers, many of them returned prisoners from Germany, which means that they were hopelessly disabled for further service, took immense pleasure in mastering some rather difficult choruses. The refrain of "Ben Backstay," "with a chip chop cherry chop," particularly pleased them, and they asked to be allowed a rehearsal before it was sung. There was plenty of noise and laughter over it, but when afterwards Miss Doubleday played some violin solos you could have heard a pin drop. When it was all over some of the men gave me their candid

opinions of the performance. One declared that Dr. Davies was "a natural humourist," another, an elderly R.A.M.C. man, thought the singing very good, especially in the pathetic songs, but felt that the singers lacked what he called "the *very* comic." Pressed for an example, he replied, "Well, you know that song 'When father laid the carpet on the stairs,' now that is the *very* comic." I had to admit that judged by his standard "the *very* comic" had been lacking. Words certainly interfere with musical taste a good deal, and a generation which has drawn its ideas of entertainment largely from "the halls" is naturally prepared to accept a poor tune if the words have a clip or a jingle. Consequently, good instrumental playing has a better chance with these unsophisticated audiences than singing has. They have no vulgar standards of comparison for the violinist or the violoncellist. They admire and wonder and are thrilled by the beauty of the sound. It is something of a mystery to them. One can scarcely give too much instrumental music, provided that it does not go on for too long a time at a stretch. I should like to take a string quartet to a hospital and play single movements from the classics, especially slow movements and scherzos. I believe it would be a revelation to many men whose idea of a song is bounded by "When father laid the carpet on the stairs."

As time goes on, of course, hospital concerts increase in importance, while camp concerts decrease, and the men who are recuperating in hospital are more receptive than those who are tired out by the physical energies of camp routine. A great deal of the future work of the Committee for Music in War Time will be in hospitals, but also a great deal of it will be, as it has been in the past, concerned with civilian audiences. This has been less direct, and has often consisted in giving grants to concert givers, to help them to carry on work begun long before the War began. If as seems likely, the War is prolonged through next winter, and if the Committee get sufficient money in hand, it will widen its schemes considerably. It has had under consideration the establishment of singing classes, competitions, etc., and it is game for any fresh enterprise which the needs of the time may suggest. But at present it is difficult to see far into the future.

H. C. COLLES

The R.C.M. Union

"Then I'd best be going to the Union beyond, and there'll be a welcome before me, I tell you."—THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting took place as usual this winter, on Wednesday, Jan. 20th, and though the attendance of members was not perhaps as large as on some former occasions, there was nevertheless a very friendly and representative gathering. The business part of the proceedings began at 3.30, when the chair was taken by the President, Sir Hubert Parry. The Minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed; the Annual Report and Balance Sheet were presented to the Meeting and adopted, and Miss Daymond made a satisfactory report on the working of the R.C.M. Union Loan Fund. The Hon. Officers for the ensuing year were elected. The deepest regret was expressed that Mr Frank Pownall had been compelled to resign the Hon. Treasurership, owing to ill-health, and a heart-felt vote of thanks to him was passed for his great services to the Union. The Hon. Officers, as elected for the present year are:—

Hon. Treasurer	Miss Beatrix Darnell
Asst. Hon. Treasurer	Mr Harold Darke
Hon. Secretary	Miss Marion Scott
Asst. Hon. Secretary	Miss Mabel Saumarez Smith
Hon. Auditors	<div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> { Mrs. Connah Boyd </div> <div style="display: flex; align-items: center; margin-left: 10px;"> Dr. F. G. Shinn </div>

The following members were elected to the Committee, *viz.*;— Miss Veronica Gotch, Miss Dorothy Giles, Mr René Caprara, Mr H. C. Colles, and Mr Harold Samuel. Other members of the Committee who had retired in accordance with Rule 8 were re-elected. A new Rule was passed with regard to Foreign Members' subscriptions (for particulars see paragraph at end of this column). The Meeting concluded with a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman, and was followed by the usual adjournment for tea, coffee, and talk.

ANNUAL "AT HOME."

A question had been raised whether, in view of the War, it was advisable to hold the annual "At Home," and whether it would not be

better to devote the money ordinarily expended on it to some charitable object in connection with the War. The pros and cons were discussed at a meeting of the General Committee in March, and the Committee arrived at the conclusion that they had no power to allocate for charitable purposes money which had been definitely paid to them as subscriptions to the R.C.M. Union. Besides this, they felt strongly that the Annual "At Home" was more of a "family gathering" than a social festivity, and that it would be a thousand pities to loosen these friendly ties at a time when so many of the familiar activities were necessarily altered or suspended on account of the War. The Committee therefore resolved to hold the "At Home" as usual, and the date fixed on is *Thursday evening, June 24th*. Full particulars as to time, guest tickets, etc., will be sent out in May, to members, to whom the "At Home" is included in the ordinary Union subscription.

ELECTIONS TO GENERAL COMMITTEE.

To the great regret of both Union and Magazine Committees, Miss G. V. Hislop has resigned the Hon. Secretaryship of the R.C.M. Magazine, and also her place on the Union Committee. She has worked devotedly in the interests of the Magazine, and the utmost thanks are due to her for the able and successful way in which she carried out her voluntary duties. Miss Gladys Raymond has been appointed to succeed her as Hon. Sec. of the Magazine, and has also been elected to the Union Committee.

An unusually large number of casual vacancies occurred on the Committee at the end of the Easter term, owing to the following persons ceasing to be present pupils of the College, *viz.* :—Miss Veronica Gotch, Miss Dorothy Giles, Mr Caprara, Mr W. H. Green, Mr S. Shimmin, and Mr Glyn Walters. The following have been elected (at the Committee Meeting on March 25) to fill these casual vacancies, *viz.* :—

Miss Lorna Weber, Miss Horatia Young, Mr Herbert Howells, Mr John Huntington, Mr Frederick Taylor, and Mr W. J. Saull.

FOREIGN MEMBERS' SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The following clause was added to Rule 10 at the Annual General Meeting on Jan. 20 :—

"Foreign Members (*i.e.*, members residing outside the British Isles) shall pay an annual subscription of 3s, with the proviso that if they

attend the Annual "At Home" they shall pay for their tickets at the rate charged for guests. In order to qualify for the reduced subscription, members must have resided abroad for one year at least."

This new clause of Rule 10 will not come into operation until Nov. 1st, 1915.

MARION M. SCOTT, Hon. Secretary.

A. BEATRIX DARNELL, Hon. Treasurer.

College Concerts

Thursday, January 28th (Chamber)

1. QUARTET for Strings, in G major, Op. 64, No. 4 *Haydn*
 1. Allegro con brio
 2. MENUETTO, Allegretto
 3. Adagio
 4. FINALE, Presto

W. GEORGE WHITAKER
ALICE K. PATTENDEN, A.R.C.M.
(Grove Exhibitioner)
SYBIL MATORIN, A.R.C.M.
S. DOROTHY THUELL (Scholar)
2. SONGS *a. Se tu m'ami ... Pergolesi
b. Che fiero costume ... Legrenzi*
LILIAN McCARTHY (Liverpool Scholar)
3. PIANOFORTE SOLOS
 - a. Poème ("Etrangeté," Op. 63, No. 2) A. Scriabine
b. Toccata ... Sgambati*
MARIE L. JOHNSON (Kent Scholar)
4. SONGS *a. Sleep of Sorrow Tchaikowski
b. Dansons la gigue Poldowski*
CHARLOTTE CUNNINGHAM (Charlotte Holmes Exhibitioner)

5. OCTET for Strings and Wind, in F major, Op. 166 *Schubert*

1. Adagio, allegro
2. Andante un poco mosso
3. SCHERZO, Allegro vivace
4. Andante con variazioni
5. MENUETTO, Allegretto
6. Andante molto, allegro

IVY WIGMORE (Scholar), A.R.C.M.
FREDERICK BROUH
REBECCA CLARKE
S. DOROTHY THUELL (Scholar)
GEORGE M. ANTONEY (Scholar)
RENÉ S. CAPRARA (Scholar)
FRED WOOD (Scholar)
AUBREY COCKS-THONGER (Scholar)

Accompanist—

HARRY H. STUBBS, A.R.C.M.

Friday, February 12th (Chamber)

1. QUARTET for Strings, in E flat major, Op. 51 *Dvorak*
 1. Allegro ma non troppo
 2. DUMKA, Andante con moto
 3. ROMANZE, Andante con moto
 4. FINALE, Allegro assai

DORA GARLAND (Wilson Scholar)
DORIS HOUGHTON
SYBIL MATORIN, A.R.C.M.
HELEN BEECHING (Dove Scholar)
2. SONGS *a. Slow, horses, slow Albert
b. Canadian Hunter's Song Matheson*
FREDERICK W. TAYLOR (Scholar)
3. VIOLONCELLO SOLO *Canzona Max Bruch*
EDITH LAKE (Scholar)
4. SONATA for Pianoforte and Violin, in D major, Op. 12, No. 1 *... Beethoven*
 1. Allegro con brio
 2. TEMA con variazioni—andante con moto
 3. RONDO. Allegro (moto)

EILEEN M. BEATTIE (Queensland Exhibitioner)
NANCY F. PHILLIPS (Cape Exhibitioner)

5. SONGS *a. A Swan ... Robert Franz
b. Im Herbst ... Mari Edwards* (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.

6. QUARTET for Pianoforte and Strings, in G minor, Op. 25 *... Brahms*
 1. Allegro
 2. INTERMEZZO, Allegro ma non troppo
 3. Andante con moto
 4. RONDO ALLA ZINGARESE, Presto

WINIFRED McBRIDE (Scholar)
IVY WIGMORE (Scholar), A.R.C.M.
JANET MACPHEE, A.R.C.M.
S. DOROTHY THUELL (Scholar)

Accompanists—

GEORGE BALL (Scholar)
ALBERT MIDGLEY, A.R.C.M.

Tuesday, February 16th (Choral and
Orchestral)

1. SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS for Pianoforte and Orchestra, in F sharp minor *César Franck*
ARTHUR L. BENJAMIN (Scholar)

2. REQUIEM, for Voices and Orchestra *Verdi*

ETHEL R. MCLELLAND
ETTY FERGUSON (Exhibitioner)
STANLEY W. R. VILVEN
WILLIAM H. GREEN (Scholar)

Conductor—

SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D.,
M.A., Mus. Doc.

Thursday, March 4th (Chamber)

1. QUARTET for Strings, in C major, K 465 *Mozart*
 1. Adagio—Allegro
 2. Andante cantabile
 3. MENUETTO, Allegretto
 4. Molto allegro
 KENNETH M. SKEAPING (Scholar)
 FREDERICK BROUH
 SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.
 HELEN BEECHING (Dove Scholar)

2. SONGS
 a. Marishka! Marishka!
 b. Shepherd, see thy horse's foaming mane } *Francis Korbay*
 WALTER SAULL (Scholar)

3. SUITE for Pianoforte and Violin, in D minor, Op. 44 *Ed. Schatt.*
 1. Allegro risoluto
 2. SCHERZO, Vivace
 3. CANZONETTA con variazioni
 4. FINALE, Rondo à la russe
 KATHLEEN I. LONG (Pringle Scholar)
 HYMAN GRÜNBAUM (Exhibitioner)

Thursday, March 11th (Chamber)

1. QUARTET for Strings in A minor, Op. 29 *Schubert*
 1. Allegro ma non troppo
 2. Andante
 3. MENUETTO, Allegretto
 4. Allegro moderato
 ISAAC I. LOSOWSKY (Scholar)
 SAMUEL KUTCHER (Scholar elect)
 SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.
 DOROTHY D. CHOULES (Scholar)

2. SONG ... Cradle Song ... *Moussorgsky*
 (Sung in Russian)
 EVA BAYLEY

3. VIOLONCELLO SOLO *Légende* *D'Ambrosio*
 THELMA DANDRIDGE
 Royal Amateur Orchestra Society Scholar

4. ORGAN SOLO *Fantaisie* in E flat *Saint-Saëns*
 JOHN A. TATAM (Bruce Scholar), A.R.C.M.

5. SONGS a. Phillips was a faire maidé
 b. So sweet is she ... } *Old English*
 c. Mowing the barley ... } *English*
 ETTY FERGUSON (Exhibitioner)

Tuesday, March 23rd (Orchestral)

1. MARCH RHAPSODY on original Themes *Ed. German*

2. AIR *O don fatale (Don Carlos)* *Verdi*
 ETHEL F. TOMS (Exhibitioner)

3. CONCERTO for Violoncello and Orchestra, in B minor, Op. 104 ... *Dvořák*
 1. Allegro
 2. Adagio ma non troppo
 3. Allegro moderato
 HELEN BEECHING (Dove Scholar)

4. SONG ... *Onaway, awake* *Coleridge-Taylor*
 T. GLYN WALTERS (Scholar)

4. PIANOFORTE SOLOS

a. Berceuse Héroïque
 Pour rendre Hommage à sa Majesté le Roi Albert 1er de Belgique et à ses soldats
 b. Hommage à S. Pickwick, Esq. P.P., M.P.C.
 c. Feux d'Artifice

C. Debussy

IRINA MEYRICK

5. SONGS a. The Sea Wrack .. *Hamilton Harty*
 b. The Golden Bird .. *Max Reger*
 THELMA PETERSEN

6. TRIO for Pianoforte and Strings, in B flat major, Op. 97 *Beethoven*

1. Allegro moderato
 2. SCHERZO, Allegro
 3. Andante cantabile ma però con moto
 4. Allegro moderato
 KATHLEEN I. LONG (Pringle Scholar)
 IVY WIGMORE (Scholar), A.R.C.M.
 HELEN BEECHING (Dove Scholar)

Accompanists—
 CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE
 HARRY H. STUBBS, A.R.C.M.

6. SERENADE for Strings and Wind, in E flat, Op. 14 *Bernhard Sekles*

1. Theme with nine variations
 2. SCHERZINO; Presto ma non troppo
 3. DIVERTIMENTO in the form of a fugue; Allegretto tranquillo
 4. INTERMEZZO; Andante
 5. FINALE, Allegro comodo
 Violin—DORA GARLAND (Wilson Scholar)
 BERNARD T. HEINZE (Victoria Scholar)
 Viola—REBECCA CLARKE
 Violoncello—HELEN BEECHING (Dove Scholar)
 Double Bass—GEORGE M. ANTONY (Scholar)
 Flute—HILARY EVANS
 Hautboy—JESSE C. PANTLING (Scholar)
 Clarinet—HAYDN DRAPER, A.R.C.M.
 Bassoon—FRED WOOD (Scholar)
 Horn—AUBREY COCKS-THONER (Scholar)
 Harp—KATE L. WILSON (Scholar)

Conductor—

HERBERT N. HOWELLS (Grove Scholar)

Accompanist—

HARRY H. STUBBS, A.R.C.M.

5. VIOLIN SOLOS

a. *Albumblatt* *Wagner*
 *b. *Hungarian Dance*, No. 5, in G minor *Brahms*
 (*Accompaniment scored by E. GOOSSENS, JR.)
 IVY WIGMORE (Scholar), A.R.C.M.

6. SYMPHONY No. 8, in E flat major, Op. 83 *A. Glazounow*

1. Allegro moderato
 2. Mesto, Poco più mosso
 3. Allegro, più animato
 4. FINALE; Moderato sostenuto; Allegro moderato

Conductor—

Sir CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., Z.M.A.,
 Mus. Doc.

A Concert Tour in Germany and Russia

It would be well if nations and races could communicate their qualities; but in practice when they look upon each other, they have an eye to nothing but defects—

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I.

When Herr Herrmann Gura, with whom I had been working on the Beecham-Denhof Opera tour of 1913, proposed that I should accompany him on his concert tour in Germany and Russia, I thought that importing an English accompanist into Germany was as uncalled for as carrying coals to Newcastle or owls to Athens, and I told him so. Nevertheless, I consented, and arrived in Berlin at the beginning of last year.

We set out for East Prussia, our first concert taking place in Gnesen, a garrison town in German Poland, some ten miles from the Russian frontier. Officers from the garrison formed by far the greater part of the audience. They were most enthusiastic, those Prussian officers; and after the concert, so charming, courteous, and agreeable that one finds one's self asking how these same gentlemen can behave so incredibly on a field of battle. Four young officers invited us to supper. They commented on the strange pair: a German singer of exclusively German "Lieder," and an English pianist. "Can we be quite sure you are not a spy?" said one laughingly. "How exciting it would have been if you had been arrested on the stage by some over-zealous officer!" "Oh, but it might have been possible," said another, "for Lieutenant Förstner, of Zabern fame, is now stationed at the fortress of Bromberg, not many kilometers from Gnesen; he might have won fresh renown by arresting you!" This little joke soon put us all at our ease.

From Gnesen we went to Preussisch Stargard, a little town where, to my great joy, we came into an East Prussian snowstorm; then to Marienburg, an old fortress, which, viewed at midnight from the snow-driven bridge that spans the river Nogat, at the time completely frozen over, made a wonderful picture in the moonlight. Returning to Berlin after this hasty visit to the east, we went Rhinewards by way of Nordhausen and Dortmund, a flourishing manufacturing town, to Düsseldorf; thence to Göttingen where enthusiastic students filled the concert hall; Brunswick, where people seem to have retained some of the qualities we associate with Germany before she became so strenuous—they speak of the "alte Tante

Braunschweig;" Hildesheim, the "Nürnberg of the North," Hanover and Essen. Essen struck me as one of the most prosperous-looking towns in all Germany. Herr Krupp himself was prevented from coming to the concert, but he bought up a number of tickets for his employees. Little did I think, as I sat playing, that these industrious people had just come from a day's hard work which may have consisted in manufacturing giant howitzers with which to attack my native country!

Calling at various towns in the Rhine provinces, we proceeded to Coblenz and worked our way down to Strassburg, where I had the good fortune to hear for the first time "Parsifal"—I had tried in vain to get into the Opera-house in Berlin. Hans Pfitzner conducted a very fine performance. But the Strassburg "Parsifal" was the prelude to something still finer. The next night found me at the Opera-house in Frankfurt, where "Parsifal" was performed under Dr. Rottenburg. It was a magnificent performance, the Grail scene being remarkably impressive. Moreover, the difficult chorus singing was in perfect intonation, for lack of which a performance of "Parsifal" some weeks later in Cologne suffered considerably.

After a few days spent in Leipzig, where I heard a rather ponderous performance of "Meistersinger," we set out for Saxony. Among the towns we visited was Zwickau, the birthplace of Schumann. One of the happiest days was that spent in the charming old University town of Jena. There I heard that Max Reger had either settled, or was coming to settle in Jena. In the light of recent events it is melancholy now to read in the criticism of the concert in Jena that the pianist was "an Anglo-Saxon, apparently a son of the neighbouring friendly island!" After Saxony and Thuringia, we called at Heidelberg, Weimar, Eisenach, Nürnberg, Munich, and Stuttgart, where Max Schilling accompanied some new songs of his, which were sung by Herr Gura. After visiting again Düsseldorf, Essen and Brunswick, we brought our German tour to a close on April 6th by appearing in the Beethoven-Saal in Berlin.

A short holiday in Berlin gave me time to ask myself whether musical Germany had fulfilled all my expectations, for I had had many opportunities of hearing concerts and operas all over Germany. It was difficult to avoid the conclusion that, musically, Germany showed a falling off—less perhaps in the quality of performance than in the interest displayed by the

people. Opera has lost none of its hold ; if anything it has gained. But chamber-music, pianoforte and violin recitals, and to some extent, symphony concerts have suffered of late. Even in Berlin, orchestras have often performed in half empty halls. All over Germany the complaint of concert agents was always " *Es ist zu viel los* " (" There's too much on "). In places like Carlsruhe, Darmstadt, Weimar and many others, one heard of the lack of support given to the greatest artists. The more candid agents declared that the fault lay with the Cinemas. The Cinema plays a far greater part in the social life of Germany than in the social life of England. The theatre also diverts much attention from music.

Were there during this German tour any outward and visible signs of warlike feeling and warlike preparation ? I failed to detect any. On the contrary, people seemed to go out of their way to be kind to the Englishman—not only civilians, but Prussian militarists and even " musical critics ! " Everywhere people were ready and eager to discuss the Anglo-German controversy ; but their remarks were confined to the matters which might lead to war. Never, except on one occasion, did I get so much as a hint that war was imminent. That occasion was in a Residenz-Stadt in Saxony, where I had a conversation with a Prussian adjutant, a friend of the Kaiser's, who had known Bismarck. He, together with people from the Court, had been to our concert and supped with us afterwards. His friends went ; but he stayed on till he and I were alone, except for poor, tired Hans, the waiter, who sat dozing in a corner of the deserted restaurant. My companion then fell to talking of England and Germany and the possibility of war. I have since reproached myself for paying so little heed to the information he seemed only too willing to give me. But it was highly technical ; and as he talked incessantly till after 2 a.m., I became thoroughly tired. One or two things I remember. He said that one of Krupp's great secrets lay in the " life " of his guns. Whereas, he declared, the life of an English gun is never much longer than 120 shots, that of a Krupp gun is 500 or 600 shots at least. He further hinted that, when war came, Krupp would spring a number of surprises upon the British. He was referring to the giant howitzers, I suppose. He told me quite a lot about Heligoland, which I was too dense to take in. Throughout our conversation he reiterated his firm conviction that war between England and Germany would come " between now and next year."

("Now" was the beginning of February.) On my expressing surprise at his manner of assurance, he explained that war was inevitable. The interests of the two countries clashed irreconcilably, he declared—"Leider muss der Krieg e'mal kommen."

II.

We started for Russia on April 18th, visiting on the way Allenstein, a large garrison town, and Insterburg—two of the most important towns in East Prussia, which have since fallen into the hands of the Russians. From Wirballen, the Russian frontier station, we proceeded to Libau, a town of great importance to Russia, since it is the only port on the Baltic ice-free the whole winter. Until recently it was Russia's great naval harbour; indeed, her only one, for Reval as a naval harbour is far from completion. From Libau we went inland to Hasenpoth and Wenden, two quaint little towns, and arrived some days later in Riga.

From Riga to Pernau we went by boat across the Gulf of Riga. It took the whole day, and a very delightful day it was. Some days later found us at Reval, the most charmingly picturesque town on the Baltic.

From Reval *via* Narva, Dorpat, the Baltic university town, Fellin, Mitau, the capital of the province of Courland, we returned to Libau, calling first at an out-of-the-way little town, Goldingen. The visit was a delightful experience. Goldingen lies forty miles from any railway station—that means a drive of seven hours through vast forests over indescribably bumpy roads in an indescribable conveyance, which they call an "equipage." We were guests of the Director of the German Gymnasium, a charming person and a cultured musician. On the day we left—there lay before us a forty-mile drive in another direction—we were agreeably startled, on arriving at the crest of the little hill on the outskirts of the town, by the sound of music proceeding from some invisible choir. We soon came upon our serenaders. They were students from the Gymnasium who had walked some way out of the town in order to give us a musical "send-off" just at the moment when we should descend the hill and lose sight of peaceful Goldingen. With the chorus lingering in our minds we drove on in silence, but were soon disturbed from our reverie. For the rest of the way either the horses or the "equipage" gave us such trouble that we were in danger of losing our train. We jogged along, however,

till within a mile of the station, when the "equipage" broke down completely, one wheel rolling off and disappearing into the hedge. Never before in any carriage accident have I seen horses look more contented or driver more unconcerned. We persuaded the driver to go for assistance; so, leaving us in charge of the horses, he set off for the village. But before he returned, a peasant with a cart came in sight and volunteered to help us out of our predicament. We left the horses, knowing full well that they, poor beasts, were far too satisfied with the turn of events to run away.

In Libau, Herr Gura gave his second concert. The same night, having arranged for an extensive tour through Germany in the autumn, to be followed by another tour in Russia, which would embrace Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw, he took train for Berlin: that was the last I saw of him.

I stayed on in Libau as the guest of some English friends, and, before many days had passed, I decided to give a lecture (in German) on English Folk-songs. My chief concern was to correct the notion, prevalent on the Continent, that England possesses no Folk-songs worth singing. Three ladies and a gentleman from the English colony came forward and sang, at short notice, a number of musical illustrations. The audience consisted of Russians, Germans, Letts (who are very proud of their own national songs), and the few English people in Libau. The wealth of beauty in the English melodies evidently caused surprise and gave such delight that, at the end of the lecture, nobody moved—so we gave them more songs. The triumph of English Folk-song was complete. The paper next day, apart from remarking that it was probably the first public exhibition of English Folk-song in Russia, declared that the variety and charm of the melodies had come as a revelation to many people. Had any doubts as to the genuineness of the appreciation arisen they were soon dispelled by requests, coming from many quarters, that the whole lecture should be repeated—with a few more songs! People came and listened gladly from 9 p.m. till after 11. Among the audience were the Burgomaster of Libau, naval officers from the harbour, and Russian students, who seemed eager to learn something of English character as reflected in national song.

Electing to stay on in Russia and join Herr Gura later in Berlin, I spent the next month or two on a large estate, 60 miles square, situated on the Gulf of Finland, mid-way between Reval and Petersburg, as it was then.

Around us were huge pine forests, inhabited by bears and even wolves, so it was said. There I was when the dire news of Germany's declaration of war came through. I may not tell of the many incidents immediately preceding the outbreak of war, even if there were space.

But the most impressive scene I witnessed was in the little Estonian village near the estate. It was midnight ; in the church near by the farewell service for reservists had just finished, and the men were about to march through the night to headquarters, thirty miles away. Before the church we stood while the national anthem was sung, first in Russian, then in Estonian (the sister language to Finnish), and again in Russian—search-lights from the vigilant Russian warships in the Gulf lighting up the scene and forcing upon us the reality of war. The women with their kerchiefed heads stood silent and unmoved. They merely looked on when, at the sharp word of command, the men mustered, turned on their heels and disappeared on the lonely road that led through the forest.

When the route to England was declared open I decided to return *via* Finland, Sweden and Norway. The journey was exciting, though only once was there any actual danger—that was in the fort at Reval. I had obtained permission to go aboard the Admiralty boat that left Reval for Helsingfors in the middle of the night. It was pitch dark, for no light whatever was allowed and the night was dark and stormy. A sailor took me across a strip of water and landed me, bidding me go alone as he could not leave the ferry, and, moreover, had no idea where the boat for Finland was to be found. I wandered on alone, carrying two heavy bags and wearing the German "Loden mantel" I had bought in Munich. It was 2 a.m. Suddenly I perceived the unmistakeable point of a bayonet directly before my nose, and a voice—I could see no one—asked what I wanted. It then dawned on me that, for want of a guide, I had strayed on to the secret part of the fortifications. To speak German was dangerous, as well as useless ; English equally so, for Russians often mistake English for German. The man had full right to stick me through with his bayonet and hurl my body into the water under the bridge upon which he and I were standing. My passport was of no good ; he could not have read it even had he been able to see it. Probably my scanty knowledge of Russian saved my life. He accepted the explanation that I was an Englishman in search of the boat to Finland. He did not know where the "Viola"

was lying ; he did not even know of its existence. But he made me understand that I should not cross over the bridge alive : I must retrace my steps. Stumbling over cobbles, ropes and timber, I came upon a young sailor, who, taking me back over the ferry by which I had come, led me past four sentries and finally brought me to the boat.

The War foretold by the Prussian adjutant in Saxony has come, and with it the abandonment of prospective concert tours in Germany and Russia.

When one bears in mind the German view of the Anglo-German controversy, repeatedly expressed by people in Alsace-Lorraine, as well as in East Prussia, in the Rhine provinces as much as in Bavaria, one is left wondering how many Germans are now taking comfort in the profound saying of Hegel : " True tragedy is the conflict not between right and wrong, but between right and right."

W. H. KERRIDGE.

Anecdotes and Reminiscences*

"Anecdotes are portable, unlike the lightning flash, which will not go into the pocket ; they can be carried home, they are disbursable at other tables."—GEORGE MEREDITH.

There is no doubt that Sir Charles Stanford's new book will appeal to a very large circle of readers, and he may altogether abandon the fear, at which he hints in his Preface, that the book will prove too discursive for some, too musical for others. No one who reads through these chapters can be anything but grateful for the many absorbing records they provide of interesting personalities and unique happenings.

Dublin formed the earliest landmark of Sir Charles's career, and he gives much insight into the social and musical life of the city, both in the early sixties and in later days.

It was in Dublin that he first heard and met many musicians of note during their passing visits to the city, amongst them being Charles Hallé, Thalberg, Joachim, with whom he started a life-long friendship in 1862, Vieuxtemps, Rubinstein, Piatti, and G. A. Osborne, from whom he heard, first-hand, many good stories of Berlioz, Rossini, and others who had been intimate friends of Osborne's.

* " *Pages from An Unwritten Diary*," by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford (Edward Arnold).

Stanford had great opportunities of building up his musical experiences when he spent the summers of 1864-5 at Norwood, close to the Crystal Palace, which was then a centre of the best music to be heard in England. Royal Collegians will be especially interested to read of the meeting with George Grove, who was at that time, as Sir Charles expresses it, "the heart and soul of Crystal Palace Music," and who at once infected Stanford, as he did everyone else, with his own great enthusiasms. Many most interesting pages in this book are devoted to George Grove, and especially in connection with the foundation and early life of the Royal College of Music. Those of us who have not been fortunate enough to have had any personal acquaintance with our first great Director will greatly appreciate Sir Charles's records of his strong and lovable personality, and will like to read of the stimulating influences which Grove had upon English life in general, and musical life in particular.

Sir Charles entered Cambridge University in 1870, and has all sorts of delightful stories to tell of his experiences, musical and otherwise, during the many years he was there. Amongst others, W. S. Thompson, the famous Master of Trinity, figures largely in many witty conversations and anecdotes.

Stanford's Cambridge career was interrupted by some years of travel and musical study in Germany, during which he met Brahms, Hiller, Liszt, Wienawski, etc. In 1874, Leipzig provided the best education for a serious student of composition, for conditions of music in England were then far from favourable for such. Leipzig possessed one of the best orchestras in Germany, and, apart from other advantages, the traditions of the place alone could not fail to give it an outstanding reputation. Indeed, these traditions were apparently so valuable that the Gewandhaus Saal (the main concert hall in Leipzig), being both small and devoid of windows, was said to have been *hermetically sealed in order to preserve the same air which Mendelssohn had breathed!*—a delicious story, which, in addition to many others, we are truly grateful to Sir Charles for recording.

Space will not permit one here to speak of half the good things in this volume, and a mere enumeration of a few more interesting items should be sufficient to make everyone want to read the book for themselves. For instance, there are Sir Charles's recollections of one of the earliest Bayreuth festivals, of Wagner's first visit to London, of the foundation of the Richter

Concerts, etc. Again, his reminiscences of Irving, Robert Browning, Leighton, and of Costa, Von Bülow, Dvorák, Rockstro and Verdi, all make most excellent reading. In conclusion, from among the vast store of witty anecdotes in the book, the following may perhaps be chosen as specially worthy of quotation. At a rehearsal of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, which Von Bülow was conducting, an unfortunate drummer could not get the rhythm of the solo in the Scherzo, but, having at last succeeded, triumphantly smacked his instruments as loudly as possible,

Bülow : "Forte!"

The drummer puts more force into it.

Bülow : "Forte!!"

The drummer nearly bursts the vellum.

Bülow : "Forte!!! Not *fortissimo*."

The actual records come to a somewhat abrupt end with an amusing account of a wordy duel with the late Mr Labouchere. As this took place as long ago as 1900, Sir Charles's many admirers will hope that he is already storing up material for VOLUME II.

M. P. D.

The Practice of Relief Distributing

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see."—DR. WATTS

At the present time perhaps no apology is needed for writing in our College Magazine of rather unusual subjects. Now-a-days we read hardly anything except the newspapers, and our pens cannot be persuaded to write dissertations upon Things in General; nor can our anxieties be pacified unless by "doing something practical."

The practice of relief-distributing begins, as perhaps all practical energies must, by dispelling illusions. First of all, there is the not unnatural supposition that the relief-distributor is one who distributes relief. One has visions of a benevolent visitant bringing timely aid to starving families and keeping the wolf from the door; but not at all! The chief efforts of the relief-distributor must be aimed at discovering reasons why relief should *not* be given. On the one hand, charitable funds must of necessity be husbanded, in view of the probable length and severity of the strain upon them, and of the difficulty of making generous gifts on the

part of those who will inevitably lose their wealth ; and, on the other, it is of the greatest importance to develop capacities for individual self-help, investigating all possible resources and always offering work rather than money. For example, if a soldier goes to the front and leaves his wife and children unprovided for, it is the business of the well-disposed visitor not to help, but to find out who and what are the legitimate and automatic sources of help. First there is the War Office, which will send "separation allowance" (provided that its thoroughly respectable conscience be satisfied as to marriage and birth certificates) to the extent of 1s 7d a day for the wife, if she lives in London, and 2d a day for each child—i.e., 13s 5d a week for a wife and two children.* Secondly, the husband's "allotment" must be extracted from him—indeed, it is automatically sent by the War Office if he is gone abroad—to the extent of 6d a day for the wife and 1d a day for each child—i.e., 4s 8d a week for the suggested case ; grand total, so far, 18s 1d a week. Thirdly, perhaps the late employer of the husband will allow a proportion of his wages ; fourthly, perhaps the wife can work for herself ; and so on. In any case, avenues are open, and 18s 1d per week is the *minimum* income of our "case." It is true that rent in London is enormous, and the cost of the one room in which our typical family probably lives is about 5s per week ; still, 13s 1d is left for food and clothes, and this is well above the bare limit of possibility. Hereupon, therefore, the relief-distributor must rest content, having distributed nothing at all except advice and information as to the development of resources.

Another illusion, expressed by the proverb "*Bis dat qui cito dat*," has probably been dispelled in this process ! Not only must many visits be paid and innumerable questions asked—for details as to rent, age of children, marriage-certificate, former employer, wages, and so forth, cannot be collected all at once, and it is best to let them pour themselves out in the stream of desultory talk that is generally forthcoming as soon as friendly relations are established ; but also high and busy officials must be approached, forms must be filled up, committees must meet and discuss interminably, directories and maps and card-catalogues must be

* The above article was written in September, and is now out-of-date in regard to certain of its facts and figures—e.g., the scale and method of War Office payments have lately been improved, though the state of things described above did exist for a considerable time at the beginning of the war. If I am guilty of inaccuracies now, it is because I have had no first-hand knowledge of these matters since the beginning of this term ; and I have reason to believe that whatever alterations have been made, by the Government or by private philanthropy, the essentials of the situation remain unchanged.

consulted, and reports made, for the instruction of the relief-distributor. What happens to the "case" in the meantime is a mystery. One can only observe, with amazement and thankfulness, that as a rule the wolf does not actually get in. These people live continually so near the edge of things, and they seem very much calmer at the prospect of toppling over than we should be ; and moreover, there are many devices : furniture and clothes can be "put away," the "lidy" downstairs will share her bit of dinner with the children, and the rent—that chief bugbear!—can "run on" for a week or two, though the gentleman who lives on the ground-floor and sub-lets the attics is "in the same way hisself."

Perhaps a third illusion is that when once some sort of regular income is procured, the object is attained and the "case" may be left. Quite the reverse!—the work is only now beginning. It takes a better business capacity than most distracted young wives can produce to adjust the respective claims of debts, and hunger, and the future ; and separation allowance is paid in advance on the 1st of each month (though it is frequently several days late). Moreover, the machinery of this kind of income is complicated, and the slightest hitch in the arrival of supplies is serious. The innocent mind of the relief-distributor probably turns at once to rosy visions of regularly-kept accounts, with a small balance laid aside each week for emergencies, and tidy headings for different items of expenditure ; but the work of realising such visions is slow and arduous, if not altogether impossible.

But this is the gloomy side of the picture. It is not all disillusionment, by any means, and the rewards, on both sides, are none the less satisfying for being intangible and spiritual ones. These poor victims—victims first of our strange civilisation, and now of the still stranger dreams of cultured races—do not live by bread alone, neither do they starve only for want of material things. They live, as we all do, by sentiment and affection and loyalty and some dim notion of what is honourable ; and it is no cant to say that if one can bring them friendship and understanding one does not come to them quite empty-handed. There seems to me to be very little feeling of "class-distinction" or of any such conventionality, at any rate in London ; perhaps the war has already obliterated some imaginary boundaries ; at all events, it is just as possible, and just as interesting, to talk about anything and everything with people who are

"cases" and have forms to be filled up, as with one's friends of longer standing, and perhaps less intimate knowledge. Mrs Smith will show you a letter from her very tiresome eldest son, who enlisted a month ago, and cannot be induced to send her either money or his official number (without which, apparently, no help can be obtained from any source), and all the time what she really wants you to see is that he has signed himself "Your loving Soldier Boy." Mrs Jones, who has six children and would, nevertheless, go out to work except that "the baby, he's just twelve months, and he do crawl everywhere about and wants a lot of lookin' after," hastens to assure you that "he isn't in the way—not really; they don't *arst* to come, do they?" And if you can do a quite ordinary job for Mrs Brown, such as carrying the old mail-cart down some steep stairs for Teddy to play with, she will call after you, in the angry shout which has become her natural voice, "I'm pleased to see yer, and so I'll tell *'im* when 'e comes 'ome from the war!"

After all, everyone suffers, and everyone must lend a hand—that is the conclusion of the whole matter. The demand made upon all of us is, in the last resort, the same; as Maeterlinck puts it: "We can give nothing but our own soul"—neither more nor less.

PHŒBE M. WALTERS.

The Royal Collegian Abroad

"*In truth there are echoes here from many various sources.*"—WALTER PATER.

LONDON CONCERTS

QUEEN'S HALL.—At the Philharmonic Society's Concert on March 18, Sir Hubert Parry's Symphonic Poem "From Death to Life" was performed for the first time in London, under the direction of the composer, and made a deep impression. The Concert opened with a performance of Mr Vaughan Williams's Overture, "The Wasps."

THE THOMAS DUNHILL CONCERTS.—Mr Dunhill showed much courage in giving a Ninth Series of Three Concerts in the Steinway Hall on Tuesdays, March 2, 9 and 16. At the first Concert on March 2, Mr Richard Walthew's Trio for piano, violin and 'cello was performed, and Mr Plunket Greene sang Sir Chas. Stanford's Song-Cycle, "The Fire of Turf." The programme of the second Concert was arranged by members of the Society of Women Musicians, and amongst the compositions performed were some studies for the violin on the G string by Miss Marion Scott, played by Miss Helen Egerton. Mr George Baker sang five numbers from Madame Liza Lehmann's "In Memoriam," and Miss Agnes Christa introduced some new songs. A new song by Miss Saumarez-Smith was also included in the programme. The programme of the Third Concert consisted chiefly of works for String Orchestra. The Concert giver's "New Dance Suite" was most successfully performed by the Orchestra of Queen Alexandra's House, under the conductorship of the composer. Sir Hubert Parry also conducted a performance of his fine Suite for Strings, known as the Lady Radnor Suite. Several new songs by Mr Dunhill were charmingly sung by Miss Lillian

McCarthy, and Mr Harold Darke played a new set of Variations on a theme of Beethoven, on the pianoforte.

DR. WALFORD DAVIES's Sonata in D minor for violin and pianoforte was played by Mr Samuel Dushkin at his Recital at the *Æolian Hall* on February 24, with the composer at the pianoforte.

A CONCERT of Chamber Music was given in the Banqueting Hall of Old Charterhouse on Tuesday, March 9, in aid of the Independent Music Club's Relief Fund, at which the first Concert performance in London was given of the Vendredi Collection of String Quartets by Famous Russian Composers. Two old Collegians took part—Miss Adelina Leon and Mr Philip Levine.

MR ALBERT GARCIA and Miss FLORENCE TAYLOR (Mrs Albert Garcia) gave a Concert at the Hampstead Conservatoire on April 17, the proceeds of which were given to the Committee for Music in War Time. Mr Dunhill's Chamber Cantata, "Sea Fairies," was performed by some of Mr Garcia's pupils, with accompaniment of strings and piano.

MR WILLIAM J. READ performed Coleridge-Taylor's Violin Concerto and Hurlstone's "English Sketches" at a Concert at Oak Tree House, Hampstead, in aid of the Music in War Time Fund.

MR WILLIAM MURDOCH gave a most successful Piano Recital at the *Æolian Hall* in March, the programme of which consisted entirely of works by César Franck and Debussy.

PROVINCIAL

WOLVERHAMPTON

MR WILLIAM J. READ played Coleridge-Taylor's Violin Concerto in G minor at an Orchestral Concert at the Baths Assembly Hall on March 18. This work has only been performed two or three times, and is still in manuscript. The local Press is enthusiastic in its praise of Mr Read's interpretation of the work, and adds: "it is hardly possible to imagine more impressive and beautiful playing than in the second movement, 'Andante semplice.'" Later in the evening Mr Read played "Four English Sketches," by Hurlstone.

COLONIAL

SOUTH AFRICA

CAPE TOWN.—Miss Doris Heward, who studied the piano with Mr Franklin Taylor, has obtained excellent results with her pupils at the last examinations. She sent in nine pupils for the University Examinations; of these, seven obtained Honours, two obtained Bursaries, and one an Exhibition.

DURBAN.—Mr Clifford Foster performed César Cui's "Serenade" for Violoncello at a Concert given by the Durban Musical Association in the Town Hall last May. He also took part in a series of Chamber Music Concerts, which were initiated at the Municipal Art Gallery in the Autumn. This important experiment seems to have been entirely justified, for, although the attendance was affected in consequence of the War, the Concerts were undoubtedly a success.

LECTURES

DR. WALFORD DAVIES gave a most interesting series of Lectures at the Royal Institution in February. The first of these, "A Lecture to Untrained Listeners," is printed verbatim in the March issue of the *Musical Times*. The second lecture was entitled "Emergency Music."

DR. WILLIAM H. HARRIS has delivered a series of three Lectures on "English Cathedral Music" at the Birmingham and Midland Institute, illustrated by the choir of St. Augustine's, Edgbaston. The scheme of the lectures was as follows:—

- i. The Elizabethan Period.
- ii. Blow, Purcell and the Restoration Composers.
- iii. The Wesleys and Modern Developments.

MISS ETHEL RAYSON gave a Lecture-Recital in connection with the Institute of Lecturers on "The Romantic Movement in Literature and Music," at Claridge's Hotel, in aid of the War Relief Fund and the British Red Cross Society, on Tuesday, February 9.

CHURCH MUSIC

MONTREAL.—Mr Arthur Egg arranged a service of S. S. Wesley's Music at Christ Church Cathedral on February 25 in aid of the Canadian Red Cross Society. The Service included the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in E, "The Wilderness," "Ascribe unto the Lord," and "Blessed be the God and Father." With the exception of the last Anthem, none of the music had been heard in Montreal until this season.

Mr Egg also gave an interesting series of Organ Recitals on Saturdays in Lent. At the second of these Mr Merlin Davies sang "Deeper and deeper still," from Handel's "Jephtha." It is gratifying to hear that these were more largely attended than last year. On March 5 the attendance was about eight hundred.

MR HERBERT HODGE continues to give Organ Recitals every Tuesday at St. Nicholas Cole Abbey. Mr Hodge has again issued an exhaustive list of errors found in the Test Pieces set for the R.C.O. Examinations.

THE ST. MATTHEW PASSION was sung for the third year in succession at St. James's, Paddington, under the direction of Mr Harold Darke. Miss Margaret Champneys sang the contralto solos and Mr Eric Gritton was at the organ.

The same work was also sung on Wednesday evenings during Lent at St James's, Piccadilly, under the direction of Mr Sydney W. Toms, who has also given a series of Bach Organ Recitals on Saturdays.

MR LYNWOOD FARNAM has given a series of Lenten Organ Recitals at Emmanuel Church, Boston (U.S.A.), at which he performed several interesting and little known pieces by Karg Elert and César Franck. The programme of the fifth Recital was devoted entirely to Bach.

APPOINTMENTS

DR. WILLIAM H. HARRIS has been appointed a Professor of Harmony and Counterpoint, and a Lecturer, at the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

MARRIAGES

Miss E. KATHERINE WILSON, on Sept. 23, to Mr Clyde Vice.

Miss D. M. BASSANO, on Oct. 15, to the Rev. Montagu Horley, at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington.

LETTERS FROM OLD COLLEGIANS

MR CLIFFORD FOSTER writes from Durban:—"Things musical were progressing healthily until the War broke out, and then we had the Rebellion, and everybody started to drill. We formed a musical section of the Civil Defence Rifle Association, which we called the Artists Corps, and we have the reputation of being the smartest set at drill and sham attacks.

Last year the Corporation gave four Chamber Concerts in the Art Gallery—an ideal place every way. Mrs Buchanan (Miss Gertrude King) distinguished herself in the Tchaikowsky Trio and in her solo. Orchestral music is developing, and an orchestral concert is given fortnightly on Sunday evenings in the Town Hall. The Natal Society for the Advancement of Music had a successful competition last July.

MR REGINALD FOORT writes from H.M.S. "Temeraire":—"Fortunately, this is a musical ship. Two of the officers suddenly got the idea of raising a Concert Party in December, so we have already given four Concerts. Most of the turns are humorous, and the most popular of all are topical songs all about the War and the doings of the 'Temeraire.' The officers possess quite a good piano—an Ibach upright—which they are good enough to let me play almost every evening.

"This is a tremendously interesting experience for a civilian. The 'Temeraire' is very comfortable and efficient, and is one of the 'happiest' ships in the Fleet. Of course, the monotony of waiting gets on one's nerves at times, but that can't be avoided."

Reviews

THE YEAR BOOK PRESS

We have received for review some important additions to the admirable "Year Book Press" Series of Unison and Part-songs, edited by Martin Akerman. "The Fisherman's Song" (two parts) and "A Broken Web" (three parts, unaccompanied) are from the pen of Sir Alexander Mackenzie. Though not in his happiest vein, they will doubtless find many admirers. Collegians will be especially interested in two fine part-songs for S.A.T.B. by Dr Charles Wood: "True Love's the Gift" (very short and very effective) and a most dignified and beautiful setting of Campion's poem "Awake! Awake! thou heavy sprite," which captures some of the rare qualities of an English madrigal of the best period. The College is also represented in the list by two new Unison-songs by John Ireland, who has the happy gift of writing simple music of marked originality. "The Nurse's Song" and "The Child's Song" are settings of Blake and Thomas Moore, and each would give great delight to a singing class, who would not easily tire of music so refined and so artistically conceived.

GRADED LISTS

From the "Home Study Union" (the office of the "Music Student") comes a shilling handbook, "Graded Lists of the Music of the Great Composers," by G. Surtees Talbot. This should be of much service not only to pianists, but also to string players and vocalists in their teaching work. The compilation strikes one as being very thorough and complete. "Grading" is a vexed question, as it depends sometimes upon interpretive rather than technical difficulty, but it is easy to see how great a help such a book as this may become, especially to those on the threshold of a teaching career. The composers dealt with range from Handel to Brahms, and, where necessary, editions are mentioned. Also one is grateful to see that "cooked-up" arrangements are not admitted into the author's survey. A well-compiled bibliography adds considerably to the value of the publication.

THE R.A.M. CLUB MAGAZINE

The November number of the above periodical has many features of interest. Mr Ernest Fowles discourses vigorously on the need for a greater width of outlook in teachers, and says some very trenchant things about methods of past days, whilst admitting that there are signs of awakening. The speeches at the Annual Dinner of the Club, last July, are chronicled, and make capital reading. The February issue contains a fitting tribute to the late Secretary, Mr F. W. Renault, from the pen of the Principal, and a full report of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's fine speech at the Royal College of Organists on January 23, a quotation from which may be seen at the head of the Editorial of this copy of the R.C.M. Magazine. The Academy "Roll of Honour"

contains one name which is also in our own list—that of Arthur B. Wilkinson, who won a scholarship at the R.A.M. after leaving the College, and is now in the 1st Reserve Battalion of the H.A.C. For the rest, there are reports of lectures, concerts, and other activities, both at the Academy and outside. It is good to get a glimpse of the work accomplished by our friends in Marylebone Road, and to note that they, too, are happy in their energies, and very much alive.

Also received :—“Wycombe Abbey Gazette.”

The College Roll of Honour

“*The weight of this sad time we must obey.*”—SHAKESPEARE.

The following Past and Present Pupils of the College have joined the Army, in addition to those given in the last issue of the Magazine :—

Armitage, Clifford	Goossens, Adolphe	Shore, Bernard R.
Benjamin, Arthur	Gurney, Ivor	Thomas, Christopher J.
Bulmer, A. N.	Hight, H. E. (Lieut.)	Vaughan Williams, R.
Carey, Clive	Howe, Albert P.	Wilkinson, A. R.
Chapman, Philip E.	Ogilvy, F. A.	
Gibbs, Geoffrey	Roxborough, J. R. (2nd Lieut.)	<i>Red Cross</i>
		Hutton, Moya W. V.

From the R.C.M. Office Staff

Cane, R. J.

The Editor will be glad to hear from any readers who are able to add to these lists.

Snarls in the Concert Hall

The famous “Hymn of Hate” at the R.C.M.

“*Tho' in concord we cannot agree,
Yet we all in a chorus may sing.*”—TOM HOOD.

A strange addition to the music sung at a recent Choral Class practice was noticed in the form of a pile of newspapers. Much amusement was caused among the members of the Chorus when they understood that they were to sing the world-famous “Hymn of Hate.” Our Director, realizing the humorous possibilities of a performance of this work by an English choir, bought up a number of copies in order that students of the College might become acquainted with the latest musical outburst from Germany. It must be said that after the Chorus had overcome the technical difficulties, which were by no means lessened by the fact that the printing was in the usual newspaper style, they sang the work with almost as much enthusiasm, if not “hatefulness,” as the authors surely

intended. In fact, we are led to wonder why somebody's suggestion of singing it at an orchestral concert was not carried out, as here would have been a golden opportunity to indulge in a little friendly rivalry between nations! The result, we think, would have been most encouraging to Sir Walter Parratt as conductor of the Chorus. He would probably have declared that he had never heard such "hymn singing" in the whole of his experience! Doubtless the audience would have thought that they had never heard such "frightfulness."

This "hymn" is the angry growl of the whipped cur. Little do the Bosches realize that what they intended should be an insult is in reality the greatest compliment they could have paid us. The measure of their hate is the measure of our triumph and their impotence. The following few lines are perhaps the most characteristic of this "Ode to England":—

But *you* we will hate with undying hate;
We never, no never, will cease from our hate—
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
Hate on the banners and on the escutcheons,
Passionate hate of Germany's millions,
They never will tire of their fiery hate,
They all of them have one single hate.

The Germans have suffered much from vanity, megalomania, swelled-headedness, and like weaknesses—and now *hate*, which is nothing more than an expression of baffled rage, consumes them.

On first hearing the music, one is struck by the complexity of it. A rather more straightforward tune would have been expected, considering the circumstances in which it was written, and the popularity which, presumably, it has obtained. But, nevertheless, it is well in keeping with the words, and quite a finished little work in its way.

The newspaper footnote informs us that the author of the words is a minor German poet, but nothing is mentioned of the composer beyond his name. Apparently he is an unknown quantity. He cannot be found in Grove's Dictionary, but surely he will be accorded the honour of inclusion in a future edition, when he will be handed down as surpassing all the ultra-modernists in "hatefulness."

H.H.A.

The Term's Awards

"They say Fortune is a woman, and capricious. But sometimes she is a good woman, and gives to those who merit."—GEORGE ELIOT.

The following Awards were made by the Director and Board of Professors at the end of the Easter Term, 1915:—

1. COUNCIL EXHIBITIONS (£50)—

Helen M. Davidson	} (Singing)	£7 0
K. Vivian Worth		£9 0
Beryl B. Bentlif	(Pianoforte)	£7 0
K. Olga Hart	} (Violin)	£6 10
Amy S. Whinyates		£6 10
Frederick J. Nott	} (Organ)	£5 0
Henry E. Wilson		£9 0

2. CHARLOTTE HOLMES EXHIBITION (£15) between—

(E) Ethel F. Toms
Doris Houghton

3. CLEMENTI EXHIBITION (value about £28) FOR PIANOFORTE PLAYING—
Violet A. Nethersole

4. ORGAN EXTEMPORISING PRIZE (value £3 3s)—
(S) John A. Tatam (A.R.C.M.)

5. HENRY LESLIE (HEREFORDSHIRE PHILHARMONIC) PRIZE (£10) FOR SINGERS—
(S) Molly M. Keegan

6. ARTHUR SULLIVAN PRIZE (£5) FOR COMPOSITION—
(S) Sydney G. Shimmin

7. SCHOLEFIELD PRIZE (£3) FOR STRING PLAYERS—
(S) Dora Garland (Violin)

8. DANNREUTHER PRIZE (£9 9s) for the best performance of a Pianoforte Concerto—
(S) Arthur L. Benjamin

9. CHALLEN & SON GOLD MEDAL FOR PIANOFORTE PLAYING—
(S) Winifred McBride

10. JOHN HOPKINSON MEDALS FOR PIANOFORTE PLAYING—
Gold Medal .. (S) Kathleen I. Long
Silver Medal .. (S) Winifred McBride

11. GOLD MEDAL presented by the late Raja Sir S. M. Tagore of Calcutta for the most generally deserving pupil—
(S) Herbert N. Howells

12. PAUER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION (£7 10s) for a Piano Student named as *Proxime* in the Open Scholarship Competition—
Beryl B. Bentlif

13. ELOCUTION CLASS—

(S) Gertrude Higgs .. Director's Prize
Thelma Petersen .. Registrar's Prize
(E) Ethel F. Toms .. Mr Cairns James's
Improvement Prize

14. OPERATIC CLASS: Prizes of £1 1s each, presented by Miss Kate Anderson (Mrs Bevan); and Miss Fanny Heywood—
Ethel R. McLelland

(S) John W. Huntington

15. THE BRISTOL SCHOLARSHIP—

Olive D. Sturgis (Singing)

16. THE ASSOCIATED BOARD EXHIBITION held by Eileen M. Beattie (Queensland) has been renewed to February, 1916.